

Zions Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

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A NIGHT WITH NEWMAN HALL "UNDERGROUND."

By REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

I might write to you of our Brother Hall's superb public reception in these twin cities—of his four sermons to four crowded audiences on his Sabath—of his splendid oratorical triumph in Beecher's church last evening, and of his effective temperance speech in my own church. But thoughts of similar readers have already heard this prince of orators addressed in New England and elsewhere. As they have not given "under his hat," in private, let me just draw a few lines from his most *fertilizing* visit under my roof. This is the word—*fertilizing*—for he makes every man and every church the richer and more fruitful for his visit. He is the Yankee—Englishman that is yet come over; and no man ever sweetened more those rugged radicals of reform with a more eloquent and forcible oration. He unites Spurgeson's clear bluntness with Beecher's genial charm over the popular heart, and surpasses them both in a sort of *holy tact* which almost never commits a mistake.

When Newman Hall came to my home, last week, only added one more child to my house. He is a playful boy in private—ranging with his playmates, and casting up "paps" on his shoulders, and leaping around the room as if playing "pig-a-back." And this is quite in keeping with the author of *Cosas to Jesus*. Simonfield—after his heavy papie strain—used to amuse him into a delightful merriment. "If ministers shake and role on horseback," said Bro. Hall, "their theology would often be lame."

So far Friday my guest said to me, "I want to see the worst side of New York, and compare it with London, so as to say also something of your city mission work among the rabble." We accordingly got hold of the Superintendent of City Missions, and (through a party of police officers, and with a slouched hat, spicely set off on our cruise).

Our first hour was spent in the Five Points—whose traditional odors have been wonderfully awesomed, however, since I first explored them fifteen years ago. Religion and commerce have made a finish of that ugly scene. (All honor to Mr. Thompson, for his full share of the surgery!) We clinched two pairs of rotting stabs, in Leonard Street, and found a large, hot, low-roofed garret, which was crowded with negroes and whites at a ward-mission prayer meeting. The old rookery was a tenement-house—one year ago had been a den of prostitution; and the fat, happy-faced negroes who presided over its past, had once presided over its meanest revile. No broom sweeps like grace. The garret was now clean, and its walls garnished with scripture and hymns. The Lord has indeed been here, and then Mr. Hall exclaimed: "This is one of God's palaces!" Truly the Lord is in this place!" He addressed them for five minutes with happy tact, and while the sooths were filling the consecrated garret with their music, we strolled down the dark stairs again.

Our next plunge was down into the lodging-cells, where thieves, beggars and footpads nestled in their rags for a few pennies per night. In one cellar twelve persons of both sexes were stowed in a single bunk! The "damned class," in Bunyan's allegory, could not have preserved her chastity a single week in such a promiscuous town. For a certain class in our cities to become delinquent through their daily surroundings, is as sure and irresistible as the law of gravitation.

In one smoke-clouded room, over their packs of grey cards, we found a gathering of Italian organ-grinders. They never mingle with any other nationality. "Viva Garibaldi!" shouted Bro. Hall as he entered, with a swing of his felt hat. The black-eyed minstrels echoed the shout, and gave us welcome. "You take some vine, or prandy, or Hollan' chin?" was the pitiable salutation of these human brutes who prowl at the bar. This class of Ishmaelites are about as far as possible as any in all our population; there seems about an equal chance for the monkey and the man.

Our next hour was spent in that diabolical depth of New York depravity—the Water Street dance-houses. None but seaport towns can produce such a quotation from Sodom on this street. On both sides of the way to be heard the incessant jingling of coins and babbles; and in through the lattice doors—a series of these pest-houses we went, finding each one the counterpart of every other. The same bare, sanded floors, with a ragged orchestra of fiddlers placed in a cage on the wall—the same dozen wretched caricatures of girls, in scarlet short dresses and pantaloons, moving over the floor in a monotonous dance—the same crew of sailors and engine boys ranged along the walls, and gazing on with listless eyes, as if they were the praying dandies in the Five Points parish.

The one of the significant causes of the low spirits of the world-be-rever is the rigid enforcement of our new *Excise Law*, which sternly prohibits the sale of an intoxicating drop in a dance-house. Only a few bottles of root beer were exposed. Under this admirable law, 2,250 grog-shops have closed entirely, and all the rest are hermetically sealed on the Lord's Day; by this law the orchestra in the dance-houses have stopped, and the clock strikes for midnight. "The new law makes business very dull," said several proprietors of *bagnios* to us. This law is the nearest successful approach that we have made to entire prohibition of the rum traffic in this community. Even now I have an honest fear that there will more pluck and persistence enough among the leaders of order to prevent the rum-disfranchy from repeating its blockade of the Methodist Church not a score of our leading proprietors have found a good light in its favor. O, for more Newman Halls!

Our London brother was surprised to find so little open drunkenness, and pronounced the worst parts of New York far better than the vilest portions of the Italian capital. The sight of the "Regina Britannia" ("the Queen of the World") pleasured him greatly when he escaped his dance-house made him shake his head significantly at the idea of universal suffrage in such dens of moral darkness.

The wretched women in these haunts there

is scatology. From the highest grades of prostitution a fair per centage are reformed; but after a few prodigies has tampered from one round of the ladder to another, until she has reached a ladder Street hell, there hardly confesses enough left in the diseased and battered carcass to work upon. Beneath that lowest deep lies only the silent grave of pauperism and—there! That bone is still secured to the Papacy by quis Na-

scio?—but the bones of the soul in the womb of Nature's most perfect

and dignity. But Pope and cardinals are sub-
born as they are weak. Force, in some form, is
the only thing to which they will yield.

Would the public sentiment of Catholic France,

permit, gladly would the Emperor leave to their fate. This, however, stands firm its ancient traditions, and this he dare not rest. That bone is still secured to the Papacy by quis Na-

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opened on the 6th. The Governor-General's speech was delivered on the 7th.—From Mexico we learn that the election of Juarez to the presidency was uncertain. A revolution is considered imminent. They don't seem to be much better off than before.

—A fire recently destroyed the town of St. Thomas (W. I.) on the 9th. The loss of life was very great.—The London Times of Nov. 6 comments with much severity upon the last despatch of Secretary Ward in reference to the Alamo massacre.—It was the French that turned the tide of war in favor of the Papal side in the recent battle of Monte Rotondo. Garibaldi had ten thousand men, and they were victorious till the French came up.—The Sultan of Turkey is arming.

The Defeat of Garibaldi.—From various sources we gather the following particulars of the late defeat of Garibaldi. The General had concentrated his troops in a former position at Monte Rotondo.

On the morning of the 1st, Garibaldi, with about three thousand men of his army, was marching two miles, moved for Tivoli to join Nicoletti, one of his officers. In the meantime the Papal forces, who had advanced to meet him, had been repulsed by the French, Association of Sandrine, Di Stefano, and others, and had retreated to Monte Rotondo.

Father Fulcheri, the statistician:—

42 were admitted on trial;

402 scholars, Bishop Clark

and priests in reference

follows:—This Conference,

the Georgians have been a

greatly enjoyed great quietness

nays at Boston. Preachers'

are Expelled to Form in

Prohibition Organization?

C. S. ROUSE, Secretary.

—MOSAIC.—

Rev. L. G. Blodell

refers to this good brother

conference:—After thirty-four

obliged by failing health, to

rest, in the quiet of friends,

and gradually weakening

walk about stone, but his dis-

ease, and the end is not far away.

Good remembrance the names

of his brethren in the ministry,

that it is time to see

them from us.

In John, son of the late Rev.

or Dr. H. P. Blood, has presented

in Dorchester, Rev. D. Rich-

ards of Christian worthies;

Buyana, State and Wesleyan.

Father Gavazzi has charge of the hos-

pital. General Gavazzi is a true,

poor Bible in his pocket,

of the clergy of the English

and well-preserved, though at

times were brought from

more than forty years ago.

These are other good

and good and bring

the attention—dressed in the

Italian force. At the French and

African force. On the 20 he

leaped Church of Rev. John

Garibaldi's mind is af-

fected.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.—The

Mosse family, old and well-reputed instrument manufacturers in Boston. Their organs are now considered by all as the best in the country.

The New England Organ Company

is preparing to crowded an-

and Brooklyn. On the 20 he

leaped Church of Rev. John

Garibaldi's mind is af-

fected.

W. BOSTON SAYING BANK.—This institution, recently established in this city, has been very encouraging, success having been made in its organization, and its deposits already exceed \$100,000.

We are informed that during

the year past, it has averaged

over a thousand dollars a day. It is a safe depository, as advertised in another column, is cal-

culated to attract the just and

liberal principles on which it is conducted have induced a generous patronage.

Donations Received.

Mr. H. C. Morris and wife, of Boston, have made

large contributions to their friends.

Mr. H. C. Morris pledges with thanks the gift of \$500 to the Western Friends, and a sum from the

Wesleyan Friends, to the same amount.

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